

OTIA SENECTUTIS



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DEAR SIR:

I am not quite content to leave my version of "The Psalm of Life" as it stands in *Otia Senectutis*. Will you please cut out of your copy, within a quarter of an inch of the back, the leaf containing the 11th and 12th pages, insert, by means of the gum upon it, the accompanying leaf, destroy the old one,

And so oblige,

Yours truly,

E. L. C. Lowell

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OTIA SENECTUTIS.



# OTIA SENECTUTIS.

E. S. DIXWELL



Privately Printed for Friends.

1885.

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PA  
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*Frui paratis et valido mihi,  
Latoë, dones et precor integra  
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam  
Degere nec cithara carentem.*

HORACE, Car. I. xxxi. 17.

904582



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I.

A Psalm of Life.

## PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
“Life is but an empty dream!”  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal:  
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

## CARMEN DE VITA.

NE fare, quaeso, flebilibus modis,—  
“ Haec vita nostra est nil nisi somnium ;  
Nam mens perit somno sepulta,  
Nullaque res ea quae videtur.”

At vita certa est, vitaque seria :  
Non est sepulcrum meta nec ultimum :  
“ Tu pulvis es pulvisque fies,”  
Non animo super est loquela.

Nae nec voluptas est data, nec dolor,  
Ut finis esset proposita aut via ;  
Sed sic agendum semper ut nos  
Crastina lux ferat omnis ultra.

Ars longa ; tempus praeterea fugax ;  
Et corda, quamvis fortia sint, tamen  
Tecta ut sonum dant naeniarum  
Tympana funereum susurrant.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
    In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
    Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;  
    Let the dead Past bury its dead ;  
Act — act in the living Present,  
    Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
    We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
    Footsteps on the sands of time, —

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
    Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
    Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
    With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
    Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.      w.

O proeliorum quà locus est patens,  
Vitae per omnes excubias, pecus  
    Ne sis memento verberata ;  
    Esto per omnia dux et heros !

Ne postero tu crede vel optimo.  
Actum sepulcro det sua mortua  
    Tempus. Tibi nunc *nunc* agendum 'st,  
    Corde volente Deoque supra.

Vitae bonorum perpetuo monent  
Nos posse nostras reddere nobiles,  
    Et demigrantes hinc arenis  
    Indere signa pedum per annos.

Quae signa, vitae trans pavidum mare  
Vectus, notabit littore forsitan  
    Alter carens spe naufragusque,  
    Atque animus referetur audax.

Surgamus ergo ! Sit labor illico !  
Fato parati pectora cuilibet,  
    Semper patrantes, prosequentes,  
    Sic obeamus opus morasque !

FEB. 27, 1879.



II.

Lines written on Westminster Bridge.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair !  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty.  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning. Silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky, —  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill.  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.  
The river glideth at his own sweet will.  
Dear God, the very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WORDSWORTH.

**N**IL magis eximium, tellus quod praebeat, exstat !

Hoc visum tantâ nobilitate movens

Negligeret quisquis, torperet pectus hebescens.

Urbs, ut vestitum, jam gerit omne decus  
Aurorae. Tacitae nudaque rates, patefactae

Agris et caelo. templa tholique jacent,  
Turres atque theatra, nitentia, splendida, fumo

Aëre depulso. Lumina solis adhuc  
Haud scopulum, aut clivum primo splendore rigabant

Pulchriùs, aut valles. Neve videre mihi  
Neve datum pacis tantum sentire serenae.

Labitur en fluvius suaviter ipse volens !  
Dive benigne, domus ipsae dormire videntur ;

Corque illud pollens omne quiete silet !



III.

“Why art thou silent?”

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
    (As would my deeds have been) with hourly care;  
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
    For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
    A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,  
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow  
    Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine.  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WORDSWORTH.

*Misc. Sonnets*, LII.

QUARE siles ! Ecquid stat amor tuus herba, requiro,  
Fibrâ tam molli, quam infido absentia caelo  
Exurat, quae tam fuerit pulcherrima quondam ?  
Nullane sunt solvenda, rogo, nec munera danda ?  
At vigil usque fui, de te sub pectore versans  
Assiduè curas, factisque juvare paratus,  
Mendicante animo, quandoque avidissimus esset,  
Nil nisi quo posset tua vita carere beata.  
Rumpe silentia, cor licet hoc tenerumque calensque,  
Quod vacuum fuit ut caperet mea gaudia blanda  
Et tua mille, relinquatur magis exspoliatum  
Et miserè gelidum, nidus quam sit nive plenus  
In medio rosei fruticis sine fronde relictus.  
Fare, precor, dubiis quo mens cruciata quiescat !



IV.

**Lead, kindly Light.**

L EAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home —  
Lead Thou me on !  
Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see  
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Should'st lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite my fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

J. H. NEWMAN.

**P**RORSUS per medias tenebras Tu dux meus adsis,  
O Lux alma, precor ; namque remota domus ;  
Caecaque nox circum me funditur. Anteiens Tu  
Dirige jam gressus. Non mihi voce peto  
Longinqua ut videam : passus modo sufficit unus.  
At non semper adhuc talis eram, nec uti  
Tu mihi dux essem orabam. Optare placebat  
Atque videre viam. Nunc tamen usque sequar ;  
Sis Tu dux ! Nitidi capiebar luce diei,  
Et quamvis pavido quae statuenda tumens  
Cor mihi dictabat. Ne tempora lapsa memento !  
Hactenus atque diu vis tua tanta mihi  
Jam benefacta dedit, quae sit ductura profecto  
Prorsus semper abhinc, stagna per atque vepres,  
Trans scopulum flumenque ruens, dum nox diurna  
Demum transierit. Tunc, redeunte die,  
Angelici vultus ridebunt nuper adempti,  
Quorum jampridem me capiebat amor.



V.

*Nautilus.*

## I.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral-reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

## II.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

I.

**E**N linter haec e margaritâ, quae mare,  
Canunt poetæ, trans apricum navigat ;  
Intrepida quae ventis odoris explicat  
Aestatis alas purpuratas, in sacris  
Pelagi latebris, cantitat Siren ubi,  
Et saxa conspectu patent corallina ;  
Emergit Oceanitis unde frigida,  
Fluxas ut insolet comas.

II.

Jam vela non panduntur haec animantia ;  
E margaritâ navis ecce naufraga !  
Et quaeque concamerata tecti cellula,  
Quà somnians vitam terebat incola,  
Ut ampliabat ipse fingens debilis  
Testam, jacet reiecta, rupto tegmine  
Cubilis iricolore, cassis lumine  
Cryptis die patentibus.

### III.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil ;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

### IV.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

### III.

Anni laborem pervidebant plurimi,  
Qui tacitus explicabat orbem splendidum,  
Et, spirulâ crescente, semper pro novâ  
Prioris anni deserebat is domum ;  
Se submovebat per nitentem fornicem  
Repens ; inanes obstruebat portulas ;  
Nec in domo recubans suâ novissimâ  
Nôrat priores amplius.

### IV.

Grates agemus pro Deorum nuncio  
Abs te dato, fili vagantis aequoris,  
Parentis ex gremio rejecte ! Mortuo  
Ex ore carmen editur jam clarius  
Tritonis ullo quod canebat buccina !  
Quo tempore id sonat meis in auribus,  
Mentis cavernas per profundas intimae  
Vocem monentem sentio :

V.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

O. W. HOLMES.

V.

O anime, tu superbiores extrue  
'Domos, celeriter dum feruntur tempora !  
Humilesque fornices priores desere !  
Sit quaeque pristinâ recens capacior  
Aedes, ab aethere vastiore culmine  
Sejuncta, donec evoles, apud mare  
Vitae reponens inquietum testulam  
Auctu supervacaneam !

29 AUG., 1879.



VI.

Chloë.

'T IS not the singing o' the bird,  
    Nor burnie roaring free,  
That maks the merrie month o' May  
    'The time o' spring to me.

For were it winter cauld and drear,  
    And snaw-clad ilka tree,  
Gin I but ken that Jeannie's near,  
    'T is a' spring-time to me.

'T is not the blooming o' the rose,  
    Nor humming o' the bee,  
That maks the leafy month o' June  
    The simmer-time to me.

For were it in the winter cauld,  
    And snaw-clad ilka tree,  
Gin Jeannie's hand I only hauld,  
    'T is simmer-time to me.

N EC voces avium, nec fugiens aqua  
Libertate strepens efficit ut mihi  
Maius laeticus ver geniale sit :  
Quiddam praeterea subest.

Nam si frigus iners, brumaque tetrica,  
Necnon arbor adest quaeque gravis nive,  
At si adstare Chloën scire datum modò,  
En ver omne supervenit.

Nec flores rosei, mellificum neque  
Murmur frondiferum reddere Junium  
Aestatem gravidam deliciis potest :  
Quiddam praeterea subest.

Nam si saevit hiems imbribus et gelu,  
Necnon arbor adest quaeque gravis nive,  
Nostrâ si teneo forte manum Chloës,  
Aestas ecce supervenit.

Were surly Winter frae the year  
    To tak four times his share,  
And rob the ither seasons quite,  
    I 'm sure I wadna care.

For gin my Jeannie lo'es me weel,  
    And gin she constant be,  
The spring-time and the simmer-time  
    Will never gae frae me.

C. S. GAGE.

Etsi tristis Hiems temporis annui  
Partem, quae propriam quadruplicet, ferat,  
Sic menses reliquas despoliens, tamen  
Curâ non cruciabimur.

Nam si corde Chloë diligat et fide  
Immutata mihi permaneat, dies  
Cunctos perpetuum ver comitabitur ;  
Aestas non aberit mihi.



VII.

*Beautiful, my Country.*

O BEAUTIFUL, my Country ! ours once more !  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,  
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love, and make thee know it,  
Among the nations bright beyond compare !  
What were our lives without thee ?  
What all our lives to save thee ?  
We reck not what we gave thee ;  
We will not dare to doubt thee :  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare !

J. R. LOWELL.

O PATRIAE rursus nostrae dilecta Venustas !  
Ordine componens turbatos marte capillos  
Aurifluos suavi, qualem non altera gessit,  
Fronte, sinis labiae strictae, pallore furoris  
Submoto, roseo patefiant margine risūs !  
Quae vel amatoris voces vatisve profari  
Ardorem nostrum valeant, ut discere possis ;  
Haud dubie gentes inter clarissima mundi !  
Quid nostrae vitae sine te ? Quo tu recreēris,  
Quid vitae faciant omnes ? Tibi quanta tributa  
Sint nil respicimus. De te dubitare nequimus :  
Jam modo dic, dabimusque ausi quodcumque requiras !



VIII.

Go, lovely Rose !

**G**O, lovely Rose !  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
That, hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retir'd :  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee :  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

WALLER.

I, FLOS venuste ! fac ut illa sentiat,  
Quae tempus et me conterit,  
Se nosse jam,  
Ipsam tibi cum comparem,  
Videatur et quām dulcis et quām candida.

Tenerae puellae dic, suus quae ne decor  
Spectetur horret, si locis  
Exsurgeres,  
Quae non frequentet gens virūm,  
Opus fuisse laudis expertem mori.

Parvi venustas aestimatur, crede mī,  
Ab luce quae remota sit.  
Ut prodeat  
Et se sinat, dic, appeti,  
Nec tam rubescat cum sit admiratio.

Exin perito ! quò puella noverit  
Fata omnium praestantium  
In te legens,  
Quām parva pars sit temporis  
Tam candidisque tamque mirè dulcibus.



IX.

Tears, idle Tears.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

*Μάταια δάκρυα, δάκρυα δυσνόητά μοι  
ἀμβάντα τοῦ βλέθους ἀθυμίας τινὸς  
θείας ἐν ἥπορι συρρέουσ' εἰς ὅμματα,  
ἐν ω̄ σκοποῦμεν τοὺς ὀπωρίνους γλυκεῖς  
λειμῶνας αὐθίς τηλόθ' ἐνιοούμενοι  
τὰς πρόσθεν οὐκέθ' ἡμέρας.*

*'Ως φῶς τὸ πρώτον τοὺς πιλάμπον ίστίον  
γῆς τῆς ἔνερθεν ἐκφέρον τοὺς εὐφιλοὺς,  
ώς θοῦστατον θ' ὑπὲρ τὸ λαῖφος ἐξιὸν  
τὸν ὄρον ὑπαὶ σὺν πᾶσι τοῖς φιλουμένοις,  
οὕτω λυγραὶ τε καὶ νέαι τῇ φροντίδι  
αἱ πρόσθεν οὐκέθ' ἡμέραι.*

*"Οσον τ' ἐν ὅρθροις τοῖς θέροντος ἀφεγγέσι  
σύριγμα πρώτον ήμιαφύπνον ὅρνεων  
τοῖς ωσὶ μικροῦ παρ' νεκροῖσιν, οὖθις θυρὶς  
τετράγωνον ὅμμαστι φθίνουσι γίγνεται  
ἀμαυρὸν, ὃ δειναὶ τοσόνδε καὶ λυγραὶ  
αἱ πρόσθεν οὐκέθ' ἡμέραι.*

*Μνήμη γλυκεῖαι θ' ώς τὰ πρὶν φιλήματα  
τῆς κατθανούσης, χώσ τὰ τῷ δυσελπίδι  
δοκοῦντα κάπι χειλέων ἄλλοις δοτῶν·  
ώς ἔστ' ἔρως, ὁ πρώτος ώς ἔρως σφοδραὶ,  
καὶ πάμμοροι πόθοισιν· ὃ κὴρ ἐν βίῳ!  
αἱ πρόσθεν οὐκέθ' ἡμέραι.*



X.

Milton.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
    My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;  
    “ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
    That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need  
Either man’s work, or his own gifts : who best  
    Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;  
    They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

QUOMODO, dum meditor, sit lux absumpta priusquam  
Vitae dimidium, quā tenebrosa mihi  
Panditur haec regio mundi, frustraque talentum  
    Unicum apud me stet (condere tale nefas), —  
Mente Creatori magis hoc servire volente  
    Et rationem aequam ritè referre meam,  
Ne rediens culpet, — malè sanus talia quaero :  
    “ Numquid lucis opus postulat iste Deus,  
Lumine paecluso ? ” Sed mox Patientia, questum  
    Illum quò reprimat, sic mihi voce refert :  
“ Nec mortale requirit opus, nec munera Divus  
    Quae dabat ipse homini. Qui meliore jugum  
Mite ferunt animo, domino meliora ministrant.  
    Rex est. Ad nutus ecce caterva frequens  
Perpetuò properat terras pontumque pererrans.  
    Servit hero pariter, qui modò jussa manet.”



XI.

Petrarca.

I' VO piangendo i miei passati tempi  
I quai posì in amar cosa mortale,  
Senza levarmi a volo, avend' io l' ale  
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.  
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empi,  
Re del cielo, invisibile, immortale,  
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,  
E 'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi:  
Si che, s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,  
Mora in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza  
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.  
A quel poco di viver che m' avanza  
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta.  
Tu sai ben che 'n altrui non ho speranza.

PETRARCA.

A NNOS praeteritos pergo plorare, caducum  
Quando amplectebar cordis amore mei,  
Non sublimè volans, quamvis alatus ut ipse  
Haud obscura mei fors documenta darem.  
Tu, mea qui penitus mala turpia et impia cernis,  
Rex immortalis, lumina cuncta latens,  
Auxiliis animo fragili succurre vaganti,  
Quodque deest comple Tu bonitate tuâ!  
In pugnis igitur quamvis et turbine vixi,  
In portu moriar paceque. Vana quidem  
Mansio jam fuerit, sed sit discessus honestus.  
Per paulum vitae quod mihi restet adhuc  
Et sub morte, precor, tua sit manus et mihi praesto.  
Scis me in te solo spem posuisse meam.



XII.

Ode for the Boston Latin School.

T H E   R E M O V A L  
OF THE  
OLD SCHOOL.

1881.

MOTHER and Nurse! When erst our sires  
Mid the wild hills their homes made, thee  
With pious care, though small,  
They cherished here.

Through more than tenscore years the race  
Moved by, and she in humble cot,  
Dear mistress zealous aye,  
The bright youths fed.

Passed in her ranks the foremost men  
With him who tamed the thunder's bolt,  
And hero bands whose swords  
Their country saved.

M A T R I S   A L M A E  
IN TECTA NOVA  
INTROITUS.

MDCCCLXXXI.

CUM patres nostri posuere sedes  
Inter intonsos tumulos, pusillam  
Te fovebant hic pietate moti,  
Mater et altrix.

Plus ducentos dein hominum per annos  
Saecula transibant, humilique tecto  
Naviter claros juvenes alebat  
Cara magistra.

Principes, et qui tonitrum domabat,  
Agmen heroum patriae salutem  
Qui receptabant gladiis, meabant  
Inter alumnos.

Lo, hallowed priests, judges, and those  
Of potent speech, firm friends of man,  
    Just citizens and pure,  
    The mother bred.

Now with proud portals and with halls  
Of marble rises her new home ;  
    And there enthroned she deals  
    Her meed of bays.

Here elders glad, and learned youths,  
Come to fresh fountains of the Nine,  
    And brighter streams whose waves  
    Beat melodies.

With zeal they seek the golden leaf  
Which leads them all to noiseless realms  
    Wherein the blissful dead,  
    Though silent, speak.

What power is theirs thus gained, what nerve  
Of thought ! How loftier is their flight  
    When soars with them on wing  
    The ancient Muse !

En sacratos, juridicos, disertos,  
Gentis humanae stabiles amicos,  
Integros cives “scelerisque puros ”  
Mater alebat.

Nunc domus surgit foribus superbis,  
Atriis et marmoreis ; et intus  
Laureos natis tribuens honores  
Praesidet ipsa.

Huc senes grati juvenesque docti  
Ad novos fontes adeunt Camenâm  
Clariores quà modulantur undis  
Carmina rivi.

Auream frondem cupidè petunt, quae  
Dicit omnes ad tacitura regna  
Quà beati praeteriti loquuntur  
Ore silenti.

Quanta vis est indomita equaque mentis  
Sic adeptum robur ; et inde quanto  
Altius tendunt, comitante Musâ  
Temporis acti !

Hail, race of wiser men to come,  
In glory foremost, passing ours  
Mayhap! Be thou soon famed  
The nations through!

And O my Mother, live for aye!  
And, long as vocal arts are best,  
Persuasion's power impart,  
That sways the world!

E. S. D.

Saeculum salve sapientiorum  
Gloriâ praestans meliusque nostro  
Forsitan ; sis mox utinam per omnes  
Nobile gentes !

Et precor, Mater mea, sis perennis ;  
Dumque vocales dominantur artes,  
Suasionis vim doceas per orbem  
Sceptra tenentis.

1881.



XIII.

Mysterious Night.

## NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! When our first Parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came ;  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst stone and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

BLANCO WHITE.

## NOX ET MORS.

NOX arcana! Parens primus cum comperit olim  
Ex famâ de te caelitus, atque tuum  
Acceptit nomen, formoso nonne tremebat  
De mundo, hoc lucis caeruleique suprà  
Magnifico velo? Vitrei sub roris amictu  
At flammae radiis aufugientis ibi  
Magna perfusus, caeli comitante catervâ,  
Hesperus advenit; mundus et ecce magis  
Amplus erat visu mortali! Phoebe, putare  
Quis potuit tenebras lumini inesse tuo  
Tantas occultas! Reperire quis hoc potuisset,  
Dum lapis, et folium, et musca reiecta sient,  
Te tot ad innumeros ignes caecare vicissim?  
Cur igitur dubii sollicitique metu  
Mortem vitamus tantis conatibus omnes?  
Fallere si lumen, cur neque vita potest?



XIV.

**Claudian.**

## CLAUDIANUS.

IN RUFINUM I. 25, *et seq.*

I NVIDIAE quondam stimulis incanduit atrox  
Alecto, placidas late quam cerneret urbes.  
Protinus infernas ad limina tetra sorores,  
Concilium deforme, vocat : glomerantur in unum  
Innumerae pestes Erebi, quascumque sinistro  
Nox genuit foetu, nutrix Discordia belli,  
Imperiosa Fames, Ieto vicina Senectus,  
Impatiensque sui Morbus, Livorque secundis  
Anxius, et sciso moerens velamine Luctus,  
Et Timor, et caeco praeceps Audacia vultu,  
Et Luxus populator opum, quem semper adhaerens  
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas ;  
Foedaque Avaritiae complexae pectora matris,  
Insomnes longo veniunt examine Curae.  
Complentur vario ferrata sedilia coetu,  
Torvaque collectis stipatur curia monstris.  
Alecto stetit in mediis, vulgusque tacere

## THE FURIES.

WITH stings of envy driven, Alecto once  
Was galled to see the cities all at peace.  
Thereon she summoned to her foul abode . . .  
Her sisters from the shades, a hideous band.  
Flocked there the countless banes of Erebus,  
Whatever pests in direful birth Night bore :  
Discord, the nurse of war ; imperious Famine ;  
Death's neighbor, Age ; impatient of itself,  
Disease ; and Envy, anxious mid her joys ;  
And moaning Sorrow with her garment rent ;  
And Fright ; and headlong, blind Audacity ;  
And Luxury, that wastes her wealth ; to whom  
Treads close sad Want, and, crouching, dogs her steps ;  
In lengthened throng come sleepless Cares, who hug  
The foul breasts of their mother Greed. These fill  
The iron seats with motley crowd ; and so  
The gloomy hall is crammed with monsters. Rose  
Alecto then in the midst, and hushed the rout.

Jussit, et obstantes in tergum reppulit hydros,  
Perque humeros errare dedit ; tum corde sub imo  
Inclusam rabidis patefecit vocibus iram :

“ Siccine tranquillo produci saecula cursu,  
Sic fortunatas patiemur vivere gentes ?  
Quae nova corruptit nostros clementia mores ?  
Quo rabies innata perit ? quid inania prosunt  
Verbera ? quid facibus nequidquam cingimur atris ?  
Heu nimis ignavae, quas caelo Jupiter arcet,  
Theodosius terris ! En aurea nascitur aetas ;  
En proles antiqua redit. Concordia, Virtus,  
Cumque Fide Pietas alta cervice vagantur,  
Insignemque canunt nostra de plebe triumphum.  
Proh dolor ! ipsa mihi liquidas delapsa per auras  
Justitia insultat, vitiisque a stirpe recisis  
Elicit oppressas tenebroso carcere leges.  
At nos indecores longo torpebimus aevo,  
Omnibus ejectae regnis ? Agnoscite tandem  
Quid Furias deceat ; consuetas sumite vires,  
Conventuque nefas tanto decernite dignum.  
Jam cupio Stygiis invadere nubibus astra,  
Jam flatu violare diem, laxare profundo

Back from her brows she flung her struggling snakes,  
And made them twist adown her shoulders, then  
With rabid words let out her pent-up wrath :  
“ Thus shall we suffer the dead years to drag ?  
Thus shall the nations live in thrift ? What new  
Compassion taints our conduct ? By what means  
Has inborn frenzy perished ? What gain now  
Our useless scourges ? Why in vain with torches  
Arm we, alas too sluggish, whom from heaven  
Jove drives, from earth this Theodosius ?  
Lo, springs a Golden Age, returns the race  
Of former worth. With head erect strut round  
Virtue and Concord, Piety and Truth,  
Singing high triumph over our good mob.  
Justice herself swoops down through liquid air,  
(Sorrow the while !) and tramples on me ; cuts  
E'en to the roots my Vices, and sets loose  
The Laws I prisoned in a gloomy cell.  
Shall we, debased, *we*, long remain benumbed,  
Outcast from every realm ? Think, then, I pray,  
What course befits the Furies. Take again  
Your wonted strength. Ordain some noble sin  
Worthy the counsels of so great a gang.  
I long to invade the stars with Stygian shades,  
To blot the day with pest. to loose the rein

Frena mari, ruptis fluvios immittere ripis,  
Et rerum vexare fidem.” Sic fata cruentum  
Mugiit, et totos serpentum erexit hiatus,  
Noxiaque effudit concusso crine venena.

Anceps motus erat vulgi ; pars maxima bellum  
Indicit Superis, pars Ditis jura tuentur ;  
Dissensuque alitur rumor : ceu murmurat alti  
Impacata quies pelagi, quum flamme fracto  
Durat adhuc saevitque tumor, dubiumque per aestum  
Lassa recentis fluitant vestigia venti.

Improba mox surgit tristi de sede Megaera,  
Quam penes insani fremitus, animique profanus  
Error, et undantes spumis furialibus irae.  
Non nisi quaesitum cognata caede cruorem,  
Illicitumque bibt, patrius quem fuderit ensis,  
Quem dederint fratres. Haec terruit Herculis ora,  
Et defensores terrarum polluit arcus ;

. . . . .

Quae tunc horrisonis effatur talia dictis :

To the Ocean, o'er broken banks to pour  
The rivers, and subvert the laws of nature."

Thus said she, and yelled with bloody mouth, and raised  
Her gaping serpents all erect, and shed  
Destructive poison from her shaken locks.

Changeful the movement of the mob : by far  
The greatest portion cried for war on Heaven,  
While part resisted guarding Pluto's rights.  
Din was fed by the wrangle. As when roars  
The deep's unquiet calm, though gales are spent,  
While still the raving swell abides ; and o'er  
The doubtful surge, in tottering fashion, come  
The jaded footsteps of the retiring wind.

Soon rose Megaera insatiate ; with her fare  
Crazed shrieks and impious madness and the wrath  
That surges with fell foam. Drinks she not  
Even blood unless it flows from kindred veins ;  
Such as a father's sword has spilt, as brothers  
Draw from their brothers. Hercules she crazed,  
And soiled that bow which gave defence to earth. . . .  
And thus spake she with formidable voice :

“ Signa quidem, O sociae, Divos attollere contra  
Nec fas est, nec posse reor ; sed laedere mundum  
Si libet, et populis commune intendere letum,  
Est mihi prodigium cunctis immanius hydris,  
Tigride mobilius foeta, violentius Austris  
Acribus, Euripi refluis incertius undis,  
Rufinus, quem prima meo de matre cadentem  
Suscepi gremio. Reptavit parvus in isto  
Saepe sinu, teneroque per ardua colla volutus  
Oscula quaesivit fletu, linguisque trisulcis  
Mollia lambentes finixerunt ora cerastae.  
Meque etiam tradente dolos, artemque nocendi,  
Et didicit simulare fidem, sensusque minaces  
Protegere, et blando fraudem praetexere risu,  
Plenus saevitiae, lucisque cupidine fervens.

Ipsa quidem fateor vinci, rapidoque magistram  
Praevenit ingenio ; nec plus sermone morabor,  
Solus habet quidquid scelerum possedimus omnes.  
Hunc ego, si vestrae res est accommoda turbae,  
Regalem ad summi producam principis aulam.  
Sit licet ille Numa gravior, sit denique Minos,

“ Against the gods, my sisters, to advance  
Your standards ’t is not given ; or, if allowed,  
Yours not the strength, I think ; but if you will  
To harm the world, and give all nations death,  
I have a monster fiercer than all hydras,  
More sudden than the suckling tigress, more  
Infuriate than the tempests, more unfixed  
Than refluent currents in Euboea’s strait.  
Rufinus is his name. Him first I nursed  
New fallen from his dam. The infant crawled  
Oft on this bosom, and with feeble wail  
Wallowed about my neck, and sought a kiss.  
My snakes with forked tongues lapped into shape  
His tender face. And while I taught him wiles,  
And how to harm, he learnt besides to feign  
A love of truth, and how to veil a threat,  
And how to cover fraud with courteous smiles,  
While full of cruelty and burning greed. . . .  
I own myself surpassed: his aptness soon  
Outstripped his teacher ; and, to speak in brief,  
What guile we all possess, alone has he.  
Him, should this matter be approved by all,  
I ’ll carry to our Sovereign Emperor’s court,  
Who, though more grave than Numa, nay, like Minos,

Cedet, et insidiis nostri flectetur alumni.

Orantem sequitur clamor, cunctaeque profanas  
Porrexere manus, inventaque tristia laudant.

- Illa, ubi caeruleo vestes connexuit angue,  
Nodavitque adamante comas, Phlegethonta sonorum  
Poscit, et ambusto flagrantis ab aggere ripae,  
Ingentem piceo succendit gurgite pinum,  
Pigraque veloci per Tartara concutit alas.

Shall yield him, and shall be controlled by all  
The stratagems of this my foster-son."

Shouts followed this her speech, and all raised up  
Their hands profane, and praised the sinful scheme.

Belting her vests with a livid snake, she knotted  
Her hair with pin of iron, and made with shout  
For roaring Phlegethon ; and from the heap  
Of blazing matter there upon the bank  
In the pitchy current kindling a huge pine,  
Flapped her swift wings through murky Tartarus.



XV.

Quaedam leviora.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die ;  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more virtue than doth live.

B. JONSON.

#### ON A SUN-DIAL.

WITH warning hand I mark time's rapid flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn night ;  
Yet through the dear God's love I also show  
There's light above me by the shade below.

WHITTIER.

**I**N hoc sepulcro conditum, quod emori  
Poterat venustatis, jacet ;  
Quod plus fovebat in sinu, dum vita erat,  
Virtutis, hic quam nunc adest.

**E**CCE monente manu volitantia tempora monstrò  
Vitae ex aurorâ noctis ad usque graves  
Horas ; quin etiam monstrò Patris ex bonitate,  
Per tenebras subter lumen adesse suprà.

QUOMODO UXOREM ALIQUIS QUAESIVIT.

VITAM seorsum puer agebam parvulus ;  
Et casei panisque mihi quocumque erat,  
Totum reponebatur in tecti trabe.  
Mures deinceps sic agebant impetus  
Bellum gerentes sempiternum, ut conjugem  
Emptum venirem, spe celer, Londinium.  
Adeo patebant h̄ic viae, tam semitae  
Angustiores, ut domum Pol ! cogerer  
Pabone vehere conjugem. Curru deīn  
Fracto, marita excutitur, et repente fit  
Ruina : currus, mulier, omnia concidunt !

## ANICULA FIDA ET CATELLUS.

CELLULAM petebat anus benigna  
Os suo quaerens catulo misello.  
Huc ubi pervenerat, en cani nil :  
    Cella vacabat.

Hinc coquum quaerit, cererem ut pararet.  
Cum revertisset properans pavensque,  
Invenibat aegra canem misellum  
    Morte peremptum.

*a /* Ad forum volat cophinum ut pareret  
Et cadaver obrueret sepulcro.  
Invenibat id tremulum cachinno  
    Inde reversa.

Tunc emebantur latices Lyaei  
Candidi pars, pars rosei coloris,  
Et regressa illinc reperibat illum  
    Vertice deorsum.

Inde tibalia per tabernas  
Quaerit huic fidelis ; eâ reversâ,  
Denuo bracas laceras resarcit  
Sedulus ille.

Deinde pileum properat parare  
Nummulos viro proferens perito.  
En canis felem joculator escâ  
Farcit inertem !

Deinde sutorem ut fabricaret illi  
Calceos, plantis tegimen, rogabat :  
Res novas, en cum rediit, diurnas  
Ipse legebat.

Crinibus novis decorare quaerens  
Hinc adibat artificem comarum ;  
Emit, et solum rediens videt sal-  
tare choreâ.

Linteas vestes ut ei pararet,  
Deinde sutrices adiit ; reversa  
En canem fuso reperibat illum  
Fila trahentem !

Detrahens mundam pluteo patellam,  
Ut fruantur mox epulis omasi,  
Haurientem per tubulum vaporem  
Comperit herbae.<sup>1</sup>

Venditorem tunc adiit petitum  
Arborum fructus, hilares ut essent ;  
Tibiâ salutat eam regressam  
Dulce canorus.

Illa fert “salve” genubus subactis ;  
Hic caput demisit anum salutans ;  
Illi murmurat : “Tibi servio,” bau-  
bante catello.

Tali modo canebat Sappho :

— ∨ | — △ | — ∨ ∨ | — ∨ / — △

<sup>1</sup> Anglicè *weed*.



XVI.

The Sisters.

## THE SISTERS.

LET me not have this gloomy view  
About my room, around my bed,  
But morning roses wet with dew,  
To cool my burning brows instead :  
As flowers that once in Eden grew,  
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,  
And every day the sweets renew,  
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh ! let the herbs I loved to rear  
Give to my sense their perfumed breath,  
Let them be placed about my bier,  
And grace the gloomy house of death.  
I 'll have my grave beneath a hill,  
Where only Lucy's self shall know,  
Where runs the pure pellucid rill  
Upon its gravelly bed below ;

## VIRGO MORIBUNDA LOQUITUR.

**E** THALAMO tenebras remove speciemque doloris.  
Mane rosas madidas mihi rore appone vicissim,  
Ut quibus ardores calefactâ in fronte leventur.  
Sic positae exhalent animas, velut in Paradiso  
Qui flores orti, divinum semper olebant ;  
Inque dies circum suaves renoventur odores,  
Ipsa ego dum similis fragili sim mortua flori.

Spiritus o liceat sensus mihi permeet omnes  
Herbarum, cultu quarum nil gratius olim !  
Sparge super feretrum ; decorent penetralia mortis !  
Relliquiasque, soror, da terrae colle sub imo  
Exanimas : monstrabo locum tibi, Lucia, soli ;  
Errat ubi vitreus sabuloso rivulus alveo.

There violets on the borders blow,  
And insects their soft light display,  
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,  
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,  
The soil a pure and silver sand,  
The green, cold moss above it grown,  
Unplucked of all but maiden hand:  
In virgin earth, till then unturned.  
There let my maiden form be laid,  
Nor let my changèd clay be spurned,  
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark — the lamb, in sport,  
In air, on earth — securely play ;  
And Lucy to my grave resort,  
As innocent, but not as gay.  
I will not have the churchyard ground,  
With bones all black and ugly grown,  
To press my shivering body round,  
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

. . . .  
Say not, it is beneath my care ;  
I cannot these cold truths allow :

Illic se violae flores in margine pandunt,  
Atque illic monstrant dubium lampyrides ignem ;  
Donec quam primum radians Aurora rubescit,  
Invalidâ flammae pallescunt luce minores.

Tale, Soror, tumulum tibi quod monstro, sabulosa  
Terra nitens albis, argento sicut, arenis,  
Supra quam viridans surgit per frigora muscus  
Haud aliis carptus digitis nisi virginis unquam.  
Intemeratus adhuc inarato est cespite campus.  
Virginis in gremio terrae sic virgo recumbam ;  
Nec sine reliquia spretae mutantur, alîve  
Hospitium posthac lectusve paretur ibidem.

Ludet alauda illic sublimis, ludet et agna  
Per campos, hilares ambo. Sic criminis insons,  
Lucia, tu pariter, sed non tam laeta, sepulcrum  
Saepe petas ! O pectus inhorrens cespite nolo  
Arctetur pleno putredine et ossibus atris : —  
Tale solum stipat populi commune sepulcrum : —  
Congere tale mihi nequaquam in membra peresa !

Hoc non inane, precor, votum ducas, nec ineptum :  
Haud ut vera, Soror, concedere talia possum.

These thoughts may not afflict me there ;  
But oh, they vex and tease me now.  
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,  
That man a maiden's grave may trace.  
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,  
And let affection find the place.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

Forsitan hoc animam placidam non torqueat illic ;  
Nunc tamen O pungit, nunc me formidine vexat.

Terram ne cumula : lapideim nec pone notatum  
Virginis ut retegat bustum latebrasque virili  
Stirpi. Sola veni. Regio patefiet amori !



XVII.

Abide with Me.

**A** BIDE with me : fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be  
Through cloud and sunshine ? Lord, abide with me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1847.

O MECUM maneas : festinat vespera labens ;  
Densantur tenebrae : jam prope, Dive, mane !  
Cum deerunt alii, fugientque juvamina passim,  
Tu, custos inopum, tunc mihi fautor ades !

Ad finem properat vitae brevis unda recedens ;  
Mundi deliciae, fama, decusque fluunt ;  
Conspicio tabemque vicesque per omnia circum.  
Qui nil mutaris, Tu mihi semper ades !

En Te quâque horâ praeterlabente requiro.  
Quid nisi Tu sceleris vim prohibere potest ?  
Sic ut Tu quis adesse queat dux praesidiumque  
Per tenebras remanens, Optime, perque jubar ?

Nil hostem timeo, Te juxta adstante benigno ;  
Nec mala pondus habent, nec lacrimare grave :  
Lethi vulnus ubi ? Quid nunc fit palma sepulcri ?  
En ego victor eo, si mihi tutor ades !

His oculis Vestram morituris objice crucem :  
Per tenebras fulgens aethera pande mihi :  
Lucescit caeli, nebulis fugientibus, eos :  
Mecum dum vivam, dum moriarque mane !













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